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GUIDE AND MAP

OF

SANTA BARBARA

AND

SURROUNDING COUNTRY

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

**A GUIDE to
RIDES AND DRIVES
IN SANTA BARBARA
AND VICINITY**

**WITH
A MAP OF THE COUNTRY
AND SOME GENERAL INFORMATION
OF USE TO TOURISTS**

**Compiled by
E. M. HEATH**

**Revised by
W. W. OSBORNE**

**Published by
W. W. OSBORNE, BOOKSELLER
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA**



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PREFACE

WHO is not surprised to learn that a hundred years ago the valley embracing Santa Barbara and its surroundings held more inhabitants than it does now? Peaceful, joyous people, fond of music and dancing,—fond of home, and not easily induced to wander,—surrounded by fiercer and more warlike tribes, who occasionally descended upon them, they still pursued their Arcadian existence, made shelters for themselves of the boughs of trees, gathered nuts and berries and the roots of nutritious herbs, offered up song and dance to their gods, and loved their native place. The genius of the place has been ever the same—who has been here but would return?—but of the thousands of those gentle savages how many remain?

At the centennial celebration, in 1886, an effort was made to bring together the remnant. Two tottering old men were found to bear the portrait of the beloved missionary, Junipero Serra; and perhaps a dozen came to join in the high mass and return

PREFACE

thanks for—what? The extinction of their race! the loss of their birthright! Heaven forbid that such thoughts should have come to them! that they, in their humility, should not have given thanks for truths brought to them more precious than lands or houses!

Since then two alien races have left their impress upon the land, and in the strong, fierce light of civilization its dusky children have vanished like vapor before the sun. Now the land laughs with plenty; fruitful trees from every clime grow side by side with its native oaks; the flowers ask but to grow and bloom; gardens spring up at the touch of the hand—and still there is room within the borders of this Happy Valley for all, the sick and well, the old and young,—and Santa Barbara bids them welcome.

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THE TOWN AND ITS VICINITY

IN general situation the town of Santa Barbara lies between the foothills of the Santa Ynez range and the ocean, sheltered on the seaside by a high table-land called the Mesa. Stretching from the curving shore of the bay up to the Mission Heights, the houses are scattered over a large area. The permanent population is between 8,000 and 10,000 persons, but this number is greatly increased during the winter season by a large number of Eastern visitors.

The social life of the place is charming, summer and winter, as Santa Barbara draws upon the best social element in every part of the country; we might almost say the world. Santa Barbara is a village in summer, but partakes somewhat of the attributes of a city in the winter; the larger number of visitors frequenting the place between the months of December and June, and during this period, chiefly from the first of January to the last of April, making a short season of gayety for the town. The few visitors who remain for a summer are repaid by finding a delightful climate and charming scenery, subdued in coloring, but much admired by artists who enjoy the soft tints of cameo and violet, with infinite variety of browns and blues in mountain and sea.

There are several social, literary and art clubs, also musical organizations, professional and amateur.

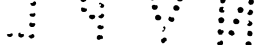
The Santa Barbara Club, one of the largest social organizations in the city, has a handsome club house at the corner of Figueroa and Chapala streets.

The Country Club, embracing women as well as men, has its club house in Montecito, beautifully situated on the Coast Drive.

Santa Barbara, as the county seat, has a courthouse, with regular court sessions, and a handsome hall of records; also a jail. It holds horticultural fairs in the spring, in which much interest is manifested by the townspeople; and there are agricultural fairs and horseraces in the autumn.

State street, which runs from the pier straight through the middle of the town for a distance of two miles, is handsomely paved and partly lined with fine blocks of stores. Here is congregated most of the business of the place; here centers the life of the town and surrounding country. On it are four banks, and fine grocery stores, good dry goods stores, shops where can be bought the carved leather work of Spanish manufacture, and book stores, supplemented by an excellent public library. The drug stores are also good, and there are some of the finest livery stables in the state. There are a number of curio stores and Chinese shops of the better sort, several most delightful Japanese art rooms, and an "art woodwork" shop, containing a beautiful display of polished native woods. There is a thriving woman's exchange; and photograph galleries which have produced some notable artistic work in a scenic way.

There are several hotels. One of the largest on the coast is the Potter, which



was erected in 1902, with accommodations for 1,000 guests. It is situated on the ocean front, and is a marvel of luxury and comfort. The Arlington, on State street, a mile from the beach, is the pioneer tourist hotel of Southern California. It has accommodations for 500 guests, and all the appointments are thoroughly comfortable and up-to-date.

There are a number of smaller hotels, and throughout the town are excellent boarding-houses, with ample accommodations for the usual amount of winter travel.

The city has finely graded and sewered streets, and is constantly undertaking important public improvements, not pleasant perhaps in their processes, but eminently desirable in their results. Through the dry months of the summer most of the streets of the town and two of the principal country roads are kept well watered, making it possible to take long drives with comfort and pleasure; while the boulevard, fronting the ocean, and the beach, are resorts few places can offer.

Some points of interest to visitors will be taken up with more detail, in the hope that their designation may prove of service to those unacquainted with this vicinity.

THE MISSION of Santa Barbara is the principal point of historical interest. It is situated on a height, whence it may be seen from almost any point in town, and it commands a superb view of mountains and sea. The date of its first founding has been variously and loosely given; but, accepting as authority Father O'Keefe's ab-

stract of manuscripts belonging to the Mission, we find it stated that the holy cross was first raised on the Mission site on Santa Barbara's day, December 4, 1786, and the first mass was celebrated on the 15th of that month. Building began in the following spring. The present building, of stone, was not begun until 1815, replacing a large one partially destroyed by the earthquake of 1812, which had cracked and rendered it unsafe.

The Mission consists of church, monastery, cemetery, and gardens. It belongs to the Franciscan order, and the friars connected with it do the necessary work of the place. They are exceedingly courteous to visitors, although it has been found expedient to protect themselves, in a certain degree, since travel has brought so many tourists to their doors. Their hours for receiving visitors are between 8 and 11:30 a.m., and from 2 to 5 p.m., week days; Sundays, from 3 to 3:45 p.m. only. But the church is open from 6 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon. Services on Sunday consist of early mass at 5:15 and again at 6 a.m., high mass at 9 a.m., and benediction at 3 p.m. During week days mass is celebrated at 5:15 and 5:30 a.m.

The church itself is about one hundred and seventy feet long, by forty feet wide, and twenty-eight feet high. The walls are built of cubes of cut sandstone, nearly six feet through, and are strengthened by solid stone buttresses at each angle and along the sides, making it the strongest mission and best preserved in California. The façade is bold and simple, supported

by towers on either side, in one of which hang bells, two with date of 1818, and one smaller one bearing date of 1808. A stone statue of the patron saint, Barbara, ornaments the front of the façade, and in the angles and apex are statues symbolizing the cardinal virtues. The monastery stretches away to the left, faced by a graceful colonnade. In front is the fountain, built in 1808, and a reservoir, said to have been built in 1769, but as this antedates the building of the Mission, even at its earliest date, which has been set at 1776, one's confidence in the accuracy of figures or information is somewhat shaken, and it seems safer to believe the much later date of 1806, given by Father O'Keefe. However, the water-works, which help supply the city with water at the present time, were developed by the Mission fathers, an aqueduct being built to convey water from Mission Cañon to the Presidio by Ortega, the first commander of the Presidio, 1782-1784.

The interior of the church is interesting and quaint; a long, narrow nave with six side chapels, the ornamentation decidedly crude in design and coloring, the ceiling having designs cut out of cedar and painted, all being the work of Indians. High above the altar is a wooden statue of Santa Barbara, flanked on either side by paintings of St. Ann and St. Joachim; lower down are statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and on pillars are statues of St. Dominic and St. Francis. On the right-hand side is a memorial tablet to the first Bishop of California, bearing date of 1846. There are mural paintings on either side,

and the fourteen stations along the walls were brought from Mexico in 1798.

Through a door in the east wall one enters the cemetery. Beneath the stone pavement lie buried the bones of thousands of Indians. Adjoining the church wall are a number of tombs in which were buried members of old Spanish families. The friars themselves were buried within the church; but this practice has been abandoned, and a vault built in one corner of the cemetery, where, surrounded by all the sights and sounds of nature, that must have become a part of their being, the fathers look forward to enjoying their last long sleep. The cemetery is entered only through the church, but it is often shown to visitors, as well as the view from the towers. A private garden at the rear of the cloister, seen from the tower, excites much interest in women, from the fact that they are not allowed within. The land in front and on the sides is cultivated as a garden and vineyard, and supplies the small needs of the brothers.

STREET CAR SERVICE—There is a good electric street car service, with lines reaching the Mission; the Cottage Hospital, at the extreme western portion of the city; the beach; the two depots; and the principal hotels.

THE BEACH—Santa Barbara combines the beauties of the mountain and the sea, and in the hottest days a trip to the beach brings refreshment. To those living here through the summer it is a constant delight,

and the Plaza and beach itself at low tide are sure to be found covered with people enjoying the freshness of the air and the enchanting view, while listening to an occasional outdoor concert. One can drive for miles up and down the coast at low tide; and, in walking, Castle Rock affords a passage over to the next beach, which is of crescent shape. But one should never go farther than this second point without consulting a tide table, as a delightful excursion might speedily be changed to an embarrassing, or even fatal, experience, there being few places where the high cliffs could be surmounted after the tide has cut off passage around them. At low tide, however, one can drive as far as More's Landing, ten miles up the coast, returning by way of Goleta; or down the coast as far as Carpinteria, twelve miles away—or even to San Buena Ventura; although care must be taken in crossing the Carpinteria River as it enters the sea.

THE BATH HOUSE is one of the most complete and beautiful on the coast, and contains a plunge, in which the water is tempered to suit the taste of those who do not care for bathing in the surf. Attached to the bath house is a large Amusement Hall, containing bowling alleys, refreshment rooms and other conveniences.

Bathing is delightful in summer, and some seasons are so mild that many people bathe in the ocean all the year around.

CHURCHES — The leading religious denominations are well represented in Santa

Barbara: The Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopal, the Congregational, the Christian, the Baptist, the Catholic, the Unitarian—each have pleasant houses of worship.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY is on Carrillo street, between State and Anacapa. The reading room is warmed and well lighted, and furnished with the latest magazines and papers. The library has about 15,000 well-selected books. The hours are from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., and from 7 to 9 p.m.; Sundays, from 2 to 5 p.m.; closed on legal holidays. Visitors may obtain the use of the books by procuring a card signed by a tax-payer, or depositing five dollars.

THE NATURAL HISTORY ROOMS are on the corner of Anacapa and Carrillo streets, and are open on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 1 to 5 p.m. Here are interesting collections of Indian relics, shells, minerals, herbs, plants pressed and labeled, a collection of butterflies of this state and of Mexico, a small collection of insects and reptiles. The collection also contains over two thousand volumes of Congressional reports and documents valuable for reference.

SCHOOLS—The city has lately completed a handsome high school building, at a cost of about \$60,000, which is well equipped with laboratories, gymnasium, art room, library, &c. There are four ward school buildings, and connected with each is a separate building for kindergartens.

Perhaps the most interesting schools to visit are the Sloyd and cooking schools. These are gathered under one roof, in a building expressly built and thoroughly equipped for their use. The building is situated on Santa Barbara street, between Canon Perdido and De la Guerra streets. Besides the public schools there are several private schools of different grades.

SPANISHTOWN.— What is known as Spanishtown to the interested visitor lies to the east of State street, on the extension of Canon Perdido street, stretching out to the foothills, and spreading right and left. Here, between Figueroa, Canon Perdido, Garden, and Anacapa streets, once stood the Presidio, the first building raised by the white race in Santa Barbara. It antedated the Mission four years, the dedication taking place April 21, 1782. Here were the barracks for soldiers, rooms for officers, guard-house, and chapel. Later, as the term of service expired, or the force was reduced, and the soldiers were granted land and houses for occupancy, a little town sprang up, a cluster of huts, just outside its walls, but near enough to claim protection. Now nothing remains to mark the location of this most important building, the rallying place of old Santa Barbara, save a half-obliterated foundation of what is called the chapel. The old adobes are fast falling down or being replaced by wood. Often behind some cheap wooden frame house charming glimpses are caught of red-tiled roof or deep verandas that make one regret the disappearance of this style

of building. Still, however picturesque they may be, it cannot be denied that they are both cold and dark, and that the wooden house, flimsy as it appears, is much more healthy to live in. The only characteristic feature left seems to be the inevitable grapevine, which is trained upon trellises forming an arbor. Instead of luxurious shrubs and fruit trees, there is seldom anything but a bare, well-swept adobe door-yard—oftener unenclosed and guiltless of verdure.

In the lower part of the town, more particularly on the east side of State street, will be found a number of charming, well-preserved adobes, embowered in vines, and surrounded by fruit trees and a profusion of roses and gay garden flowers. But in almost every case inquiry will develop the fact that they are owned and cared for by Americans, residents perhaps for twenty, thirty, or even forty years, but bringing with them the thrift and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Still, in various parts of the town, are interesting spots to visit—sometimes on account of the picturesque effect of a ruin, sometimes because of a local interest attached.

The De la Guerra house, one of the most important adobes, and of interest to readers of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," is situated on De la Guerra street, just beyond the County National Bank. It is built on three sides of a court, with verandas extending around it. The descendants of the old Commander live here still, and here may sometimes be bought of the ladies

of the house beautiful specimens of Spanish drawn-work, on handkerchiefs or scarfs of linen.

One may observe with interest a dilapidated and more than half-ruined wooden cottage standing on the beach road, two blocks over from Milpas street, guarded by two tall pepper-trees, should he know that under its humble roof was written Nordhoff's book on California, which created such an interest in the East, and drew so many to this coast.

CHINATOWN in Santa Barbara is more conspicuous than important. It occupies but little area beyond the block and court on Canon Perdido street, between State and Anacapa. Here in the old adobes vacated by the Spanish, are congregated most of the Chinese who are not at service in private families or engaged in laundry-work. Here is their Joss-house, and here they celebrate their New Year's, by firing off innumerable fire-crackers and making night hideous with drumming and banging. The principal merchants have gone on to State street, but curiosity may lead one into the older shops. Very little can be seen, however, beyond dingy counters and shelves; and no one can be more apparently indifferent than a Chinaman with anything to sell. You may be anxious—he, never!

On New Year's day however, all is gayety and decoration. Incense burns in every house, and cakes and nuts are placed before the household gods and offered to visitors, who are politely welcomed; cards are exchanged—your own the conventional

stiff pasteboard, your host's a bright double strip of crimson paper, with the name written down the length of it instead of across. It is best to go in the evening to their quarters, as the dim light through colored paper lanterns softens all crudity, conceals the poverty, and makes it picturesque.

There are a few hundred Chinese in Santa Barbara, some few Christianized, and with wives and families. There are two mission chapels, where work is carried on among them—one on Chapala street, under the charge of the Congregational society; another on Santa Barbara street, under the Presbyterian. Politically the Chinese may be no addition to a nation; but from a picturesque point of view they are indispensable.

THE LIGHTHOUSE—One of the pleasantest short drives is to the lighthouse, situated on the Mesa, a high tableland to the south between town and ocean. The drive is down State street to Montecito street, and along to the right until the road ascends Dibblee Hill; then for about three miles as straight as one can go on a crooked road. The light is only fourth-class, but curious and interesting to most visitors, and decidedly more accessible than many, situated as it is among pleasant fields. The house, built of stone, with a tower, is kept scrupulously whitewashed, and everything about the lamp and tower brilliantly clean. The present lighthouse-keeper, who is the senior keeper in the service on this coast, is a gentle little lady who has lived there

forty-seven years, tending the light herself 38 years, — lighting the lamp at sun-down, and toiling up the steep ladder at midnight to replace it by another freshly lighted, that it may burn bright and true till the morning. On very clear nights this light has been seen as far as the islands, twenty-five miles away.

THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL is situated in Oak Park, at the end of the street-car line. The name *cottage* is a misnomer, unless Newport cottages are referred to, as the hospital is a large two-story building with a tower. This hospital commands a most beautiful view of the mountains, and a lovelier spot could not be desired for an invalid; nor can too much credit be given to the energy and foresight of the women of Santa Barbara who planned and established this long-needed institution. The hospital has no endowment fund, but is supported by membership subscriptions. Certain rooms are endowed and named by individuals, and a free bed is maintained by a society of young ladies. Books and pamphlets are gladly received as additions to their small library.

MIRADERO is a private sanatorium finely situated in the upper part of the City.

HOPE RANCH is a beautiful tract of rolling table-land between Santa Barbara and the ocean, which has charming roads for riding and driving, and a lovely sheet of water, called by the Spanish Laguna

Blanca, and known also by the name of Hope Lake. The Pacific Improvement Company bought this tract several years ago, with the avowed intention of building a large hotel upon it, similar to the Del Monte. Here, until recently, the foundations could be seen of the chapel and settlement of Indians, built under the direction of the Mission fathers; and beyond, on the tongue of land between the Modoc and Goleta roads, can be seen a plantation of prickly pears and bits of old adobe, mute evidences of the time when the Indians held large tracts of land and had prosperous settlements in this region. Throughout this Hope Ranch are found great quantities of spearheads and other evidences of Indian occupancy.

THE HOME OF THE ENGLISH WALNUT—Without doubt the most satisfactory product all things considered of the Santa Barbara Valley is the English walnut. It is here that the tree was planted on a large scale and here that the popular variety known as the Santa Barbara Soft Shell originated. As with the lemon, so does the climate of this valley seem particularly suited to the production of walnuts, and nowhere are finer nuts produced or does the tree grow more luxuriantly than in the sections of this valley known as Goleta and Carpinteria, the soil in these localities being of the character and richness needed by this Queen of nut trees.

CEMETERIES.—The principal Catholic cemetery is about three miles out of town,

on Hope Avenue. The Protestant cemetery is in Montecito, on the high bluff overlooking the ocean, a most beautiful place, and kept with loving care.

MONTECITO

AS all roads lead to Rome, so many roads lead to Montecito, any one of which has its beauties. One may go out Haley street from State, turning to the right at Milpas street, and follow a well sprinkled high road towards the beach. On reaching the cemetery one has a choice of two roads—the left hand road leads into the heart of the valley, the right-hand along the shore line to Carpinteria and Ventura,—or by turning sharply to the left, under the bluff, one may return to town by way of the beach and boulevard, or intersecting roads.

From the head of Haley street, by turning to the right three blocks to Yanonali street, the drive leads through Sycamore Cañon ; or, keeping over Eucalyptus Hill, the two roads join on the other side of the high land. This is at the head of the valley, and nearly opposite Cold Stream Canon. But the most beautiful of all ways is by the boulevard and beach to the first height of land, or farther along the beach to a road not far from the Montecito station in the lower part of the valley.

One may spend hours driving through lovely lanes, with bewildering views of

mountain and canon, and glimpses of the sea and curves of shore that seem but a stone's throw away. The mountains here take many and strange shapes to those who know them only from the town; one seems to get behind them somewhat, and to discover a little of their mystery. The Corcovado (Humpback, as the Spanish call it,—the sharp peak crowned with pine trees that one notices above and to the left of the Mission in Santa Barbara) looms out, dominating the valley on the north; while the Sugar Loaf Mountain, guarding the Hot Springs Canon, and called Fool's Peak, because of its deceptive height, sinks to its proper level.

There are three places of special resort in Montecito, where board by week or month may be had, or lunch or supper. The *Hot Springs* are seven miles from town. The road is kept in excellent condition. The springs are situated at an elevation of thirteen hundred feet, and have long been known for their medicinal qualities. Here are about twenty springs, differing in their analyses and temperature, and furnishing arsenic as well as sulphur baths. People having delicacy of heart or lungs should be careful in taking them before consulting a physician. The rates are reasonable, and the accommodations comfortable but simple. A walk of about a mile to Point Lookout presents a superb view of the valley and coast line for miles around.

SAN YSIDRO RANCH (and hotel) lies at an elevation of seven hundred feet above the sea, in the center of the valley, and

back close to the mountains, and is famous for its fine orange grove. The place is well sheltered and exceedingly attractive with tropical shrubs and plants and wonderful views of ocean and valley. The hotel is built on the cottage plan, and one may enjoy to the full the quiet and restfulness of pure country life, while the beach is but two miles away.

MIRAMAR—by the sea—can be reached by cars direct, as it is a flag station. The cottage plan is used; here are comfortable bathing-houses and splendid sea-bathing, making it an especially successful summer resort. It is about two miles beyond the cemetery, and directly on the shore—or, rather, cliff,—close to the beach. A delightful way to reach it is by the beach at low tide.

There are many fine residences in the valley each surrounded by acres of beautiful gardens and orchards. Among the most noteworthy of these are the McCormick, Sawyer, Eaton, Stevens, Gillespie, Waterman, and Hayne places. These would best be visited with a competent guide.

THE CROCKER RANCH—is one of the show places on the middle road, and has two thousand acres of land planted with lemons, making it one of the very largest lemon ranches in the world. It has a fine stone lemon house for the curing and packing of the fruit; near the old ranch-house is a large growth of papyrus.

SUMMERLAND, five miles east of Santa Barbara, is the first section in which petroleum was developed in this county. Many of the oil wells are drilled from wharves that extend into the water a thousand feet or more. These wells have produced upward of 1,500,000 barrels of oil.

TO CARPINTERIA is twelve miles by the coast drive. Leaving the foot of State street you go out the east boulevard past the Cemetery, the Country Club, Miramar, Ortega Hill and through Summerland.

This valley is especially noted for its immense yield of Lima beans. Here, too, grows the big grapevine—the largest in the world. It is trained over a trellis more than one hundred feet square, and bears several tons of fruit a year.

WESTERN DIVISION SANTA BARBARA FOREST RESERVE—This is one of the largest forest reserves in Southern California. It was created in 1904 by the amalgamation of the Western Division Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Forest reserve and the Santa Ynez Forest reserve and the addition of the old Spanish grant, "The Los Prietos y Najalayegua." It contains about 900,000 acres of Mountain lands, for the most part covered with chaparral, but containing some quite extensive pineries; notably those on Big Pine Mountain and adjacent peaks and those of the Zaca Lake country. The object of this reserve is to preserve the brush and forest growth so as to conserve the water supply, and the reserve is thoroughly patrolled in the summer and fall

months by some sixteen or more Forest Rangers who in the winter months repair the existing trails and make new ones.

The interior portions of the reserve furnish unlimited opportunities for those who enjoy camp life to thoroughly enjoy themselves, as the hunting is very good. The Big Pine Mountain has perhaps the best reputation as a deer country. Bear and California lions are also occasionally seen in that as well as other parts of the reserve.

This region is wild in the extreme, and only those who care to rough it should undertake a trip to this locality, however fascinating it may sound. Everything in the way of food must be packed over in alforjas on the backs of horses or mules, and not everyone knows how to pack a mule. Pack-animals may be obtained from the various livery stables, who can also furnish guides. This trip will carry one fully forty-five miles out into the wilderness, but will repay one who loves adventure or wild beauty.

The public is not allowed to carry firearms on the reserve without permission, so that it is necessary for those wishing to hunt to obtain gun permits from the resident Forest Supervisor. These are willingly granted, however to responsible parties, upon their agreeing to obey the rules and regulations governing Forest Reserves, and especially to be careful to extinguish their camp fires before leaving the same.

RIDES AND DRIVES

THERE are many to whom the charm of discovery is half the pleasure of sight-seeing, and such people will always find for themselves delightful experiences in a day's drive or ride; but many strangers go from Santa Barbara without seeing half its beauty—timid perhaps about driving on strange roads, or thrown among people too busy to know or care for such things. To these, suggestions may be helpful. All about Santa Barbara are the most interesting rides and drives; and if one is a good walker, two or three miles will take one up into most delightful spots, where it might be difficult to go with a horse.

THE MOUNTAIN DRIVE is said by many travelers to be one of the grandest and most charming drives in this or any other country. Many say it excels the world-famous drives of Switzerland. Starting in near the Mission the drive winds back of the foothills overlooking Mission Cañon, where can be seen many homes through the ever-green live-oaks—farther on it crosses the upper Montecito valley and traverses the side of the mountain, at an elevation of about 1,000 feet. One of the beauties of the drive is its ever changing views. At one time you are deep in a mountain canon beneath the overhanging trees and sur-

rounded by mountain wild flowers and immense ferns; and the next curve of the road opens to your view one of the widest vistas imaginable. The broad Montecito valley with its beautiful villas and orchards; through breaks in the foothills are seen glimpses of the city and the curve of the beach; while beyond, twenty-five miles across the bay, are the islands. Coming back to town through Montecito makes the drive about fourteen miles in length.

The Mission Ridge Road branches from the Mountain Drive just after passing the old Mission reservoir. This road leads along the south face of the foothills, and affords a birdseye view of the city, then crosses the summit of the hills near the eastern end, and returning along the north side of the hills again joins the Mountain Drive. This drive, though short, is one of great beauty.

MISSION CANON—so near town, has charming views, and there is a good road for nearly three miles. After reaching the schoolhouse, the canon road proper keeps to the left most of the way, and in one place quite doubles upon itself. The road to Las Canoas Canon may be recognized by a large growth of prickly pears seen directly ahead. Keep to the left at this point on going up to Mission Canon. At the end of the road is a private property; but with permission one may pass through and visit some charming falls—called Fern Falls,—just beyond the rear gates; or by keeping on and preparing for a hard climb of two

miles, by following the creek, Seven Falls may be reached.

On horseback one may, instead of following the canon road to the end, turn to the left and follow the trail over the foothills toward the west, round a bold bluff covered with trees, called Eucalyptus Point, which presents fine views of the valley, looking up and down; then on till the trail descends into San Roque Canon, three or four miles away. One is in no danger of getting off this trail excepting in one place, where it follows a blind and comes down into a homestead. This is the head of Lauro Canon, and leads into the main road; but the true trail leads over a "hog's back" ridge into San Roque Canon further along on the Goleta road.

The Mission Canon road is also the point of departure for Las Canoas Canon, the road bearing to the right half-way up.

Santa Barbara is justly proud of its great scenic trail—12 miles long—reaching to the summit of La Cumbre, 3,989 feet above the sea. The trip, a difficult one to those not used to mountain-climbing, is filled with scenes of grandeur from beginning to end. It can be taken either on horseback or on foot—the latter only by sturdy walkers—and requires a day's time. Starting from the Old Mission and following the Mountain Drive to the Canfield Mesa, where the first far-reaching view is obtained, the trail follows a circuitous route along the south face of the mountains until within a mile of La Cumbre rock, when the first view of the Santa Ynez Canon, and the mountain wall beyond is seen. A half mile further

on one comes out on the narrow ridge that here forms the backbone of the range, and all difficulties that beset his path are forgotten in contemplation of the glorious scenes about him. On one hand the beautiful valley, framed by the rippling sea, with the islands beyond. On the other, an arid waste of mountain land — dreary, forsaken.

THE GOLETA ROAD is the point of departure for all the canon rides and drives west of the town. Almost every road branching off from this main road described, if followed up, will develop some new and charming bit of scenery. First of all comes Lauro Canon, entered by the first road to the right, just before crossing the bridge, terminating in a pretty wooded vale a couple of miles away. Next is the San Roque, the first road to the right after crossing the bridge. This drive is between three and four miles up to the canon. It is easy of access and the key to numberless glades and glens, as well as the point of departure for the Arroyo Burro trail. Here, also, by turning to the right before reaching the first gate and going up a rising bit of road, one may pass into another canon known as Tibbett's Canon, a continuation of San Roque driving-road, although not in good condition. There is no outlet by road from either of these canons save by the Goleta road, and one must return as he came; excepting that on horseback one may push over from the San Roque, crossing the foothills to Mission Canon, as described before. The next road to the right from the main road leads to

the Ontare Ranch, and the next beyond leads to Barger Canon. This is a private road, guarded by four gates, and is one of the most beautiful drives.

LEWIS' CANON drive is the next of importance beyond. The road turns off just beyond the tract known as Verona, and runs far back to the gate on the left. If one has patience to open some eight or ten gates an extended circuit of the foothills may here be made, returning to the main road by another lane two or three miles nearer town. This drive does not take one into the canon proper, as there is but a rough trail for horses only, but it is the point of departure for it.

There are two entrances to the *San Marcos stage-road*, both of them marked by signboards; they are six miles out on the Goleta Road, and lead directly to the pass. This road is in splendid condition, and there is no danger in following it for miles.

Between two and three miles up on the stage-road is a road to the right, which followed a distance of two and a half miles will bring one over to the Painted Caves, a curious and interesting evidence of Indian Work. In the general uprising of the Indians in 1824, during the trouble between the Mexican Government and the parent country, a general massacre was followed by the flight of the leaders of the various tribes of Santa Barbara Indians to the mountains. May not these caves have been the lodging-places of these poor persecuted savages!

About one-half mile below the Painted Cave, is "Painted Cave Ranch," a summer resort, run on the cottage plan. The view here is magnificent; meals may be obtained by those visiting the cave. The road continues on to the top of the Range and a little way down the north side, and a first-class trail leads from its end to the Santa Ynez River, which it reaches near the old Los Prietos Ranch House.

HEMINWAY'S CANON crosses the San Marcos Pass road at the foot of the grade. After crossing the stream, turn to the right through a gate and passing close to the "Indian Orchard" continue up the canon about a mile. Then on foot over a fairly good trail along the edge of the stream about half a mile to the falls.

SMITH'S CANON is ten miles out on the Goleta road. Passing the blacksmith's shop, three-quarters of a mile beyond the post-office, turn to the right up a well traveled lane towards the Stow Ranch. A self-opening gate is passed, and a third of a mile beyond are two iron gates. The one to the left leads to the ranch house, but the one directly ahead leads into the canon. The picnic grounds are farther on. Here are three beautiful falls and pools, the highest to be reached by hard climbing. Here are lovely cascades leaping over banks clothed with maidenhair ferns, and falling into basins of stone polished by their own waves.

Beyond the Estero (the name the Spanish

give to the salt marsh or flat land between the town and Montecito) lies *Sycamore Canon* under Eucalyptus Hill. This canon has a few very charming trees in it. The road proper leads into Montecito, but one can turn to the left beyond the slaughterhouse, and get into a pretty bit of wild scenery. Following this road brings you into the Mountain Drive.

There are charming views of the sunset from almost any portion of the foothills, and there are roads and well-worn trails leading over them in all directions. Some of the most attractive paths are fenced off in places; but to a determined walker these obstacles are easily overcome, and one is well repaid for a climb to the top of the hills at sunset by the glorious view seen on all sides.

DINSMORE CANON lies just back of San Ysidro Ranch and belongs to it. It has been a favorite picnic-ground because of its delightful stream of water and great natural beauty. Here too, is a well-defined trail to the top of the mountains.

SAN MARCOS PASS.—Do not fail to go over the San Marcos Pass, if possible. The pleasantest way is with a good driver in a private rig. The road is in splendid condition, and with a good whip one may give oneself over to perfect enjoyment. Do not think this excursion can be overpraised. Travelers say it has its equal only in one or two mountain passes in Switzerland. If possible, go to the stop-

ping place, called Cold Spring, two miles beyond the summit and well down the grade, where one may take luncheon with memory pictures before him of the Santa Ynez Valley and the San Rafael range beyond, developed by every turn of the road. The trip is often taken by those going overland to San Francisco; but they lose the most beautiful part of the drive in not descending the mountains with their faces to the sea, however beautiful they may have found it in ascent. The mountains at this point of the pass are about 2,224 feet, the lowest drop in the range, excepting when they drop into the sea. The highest point is four thousand or more feet, and looking its full height because of its near approach to the sea level.

COOPER RANCH.—Twelve miles out on the Gaviota road, with the fresh breeze in ones face, the sea on the left, and mountains on the right, and a capital lunch in the carriage, will bring one to this model farm of two thousand acres, planted principally in olives and almonds. The boundary lines are marked by tall rows of eucalyptus-trees, some sixty varieties of which are growing on the place. Mr. Cooper himself was instrumental in introducing this tree into California, and has proved its use as a rapid growth for fuel and its value as a picturesque feature of the country.

The ranch is quite self-supporting, and is carried on in a most patriarchal manner, fifty men being employed upon the estate, married men being given the preference,

and everything necessary for a generous living being raised for them upon the land. Near the house is the mill in which is prepared the olive oil so well known in the market. Attached to the house is a most interesting botanical garden, with many rare Australian and African plants, trees, and shrubs, perhaps more curious than beautiful. Through the courtesy of the family, strangers are allowed access to this garden; but the picnic-grounds are some distance from the house, under grand old sycamores, with a creek flowing conveniently near. A walk up into the canon will repay with visions of grand mountain peaks, looming seemingly close at hand.

TECOLOTE RANCH is three miles beyond, and is famous for its remarkable oaks and sycamores, but is not generally open to visitors.

HOLLISTER RANCH, just this side of Cooper's, is perhaps better known because of its palm avenue, palms from which were sent to the World's Fair to adorn the California Building.

CASITAS PASS is a very lovely low pass in the Santa Ynez range, leading over into the Ojai Valley, thirty-seven miles away. The road lies by the way of Montecito and Carpinteria, and the trip may be made in seven hours, with good horses.



TRAIL RIDES.

TO thoroughly enjoy trail riding one must live in Santa Barbara. Here are no tedious drives of miles on miles before reaching the mountains—but three-quarters of an hour will bring one to the ascent in all directions. All sorts and conditions of people can take trail rides. It matters little whether one has ever been on a horse before or not. All one need do is to hold on; the horses are intelligent enough to do the rest. To enjoy a trip one must be well prepared for it; and no one of experience, acting as guide, will ever take a party without certain preparations. Good trail horses must be had, all useless *impedimenta* must be left behind, and as small a lunch taken as possible. One's dress should be light, and an extra wrap carried. The lunch is best divided among the party; two or three sandwiches apiece, a bit of chocolate, a bottle of lemon juice if possible, and a flask of brandy or whiskey positively. Whatever is carried must be strapped on securely, so as to give no care or uneasiness for the hands must be free for constant use, and the eyes to see the wonderful views as they open at every turn. The smaller the party is, the better; few men care to take the responsibility of more than two or three women, unless they are exceptionally sensible and helpful, although the surpass-

ing loveliness of the landscape on this side of the mountains and the mournful grandeur and desolation of the country discovered beyond this range will be sufficient to impress and subdue the most frivolous.

To be a desirable companion on a trail ride, one must be quiet, attentive and obedient, and never by any chance leave the trail without permission of the guide, as on some trails the loose gravel, called shale, along the sides might carry horse and rider beyond the reach of help.

OLD COLD STREAM CANON TRAIL makes a delightful ride of itself by way of the Upper Montecito. There are small but lovely falls, between two and three hundred feet high, half-way up the trail, and from a big rock directly above the falls, called "The Pinnacle," a wonderful view of the sea is gained. Here grows the "Woodwardia," a giant fern, often attaining a height of 12 or 14 ft. The trail is quite free from chaparral, but has shale in the upper part, and is somewhat washed out by winter rains.

THE NEW COLD STREAM CANON TRAIL is a first class trail built by the Federal Government as a feed-trail to Mona Creek and Pine Mountain country in the San Rafael and Sierra Madre ranges. This trail is reached by going either on the Eucalyptus Hill road or the Sycamore Canon road past the school house toward Montecito, then taking the first road to the left, to the Mountain Drive, and the next road to the right up the west

bank of Cold Stream Creek. At the end of this road a sled road leads up the canon past Barker's Tunnel. The trail below the tunnel buildings, and follows up the east fork of the Cold Stream Creek. It soon climbs out on the east side and winds up the face of the mountain and along ridges to the summit of the range and then drops down the other side to the Santa Ynez river at a point about a mile above the mouth of the Mono Creek. This is the main trail to the Loma Pelone, Big Pine Mountain, Medulce Pine Mountain, and Protero Secca country, all reached via the Mono Creek.

THE COUNTY TRAIL, called also the Romero or Montecito trail, starts from the lower part of Montecito. Following the middle road past the Crocker ranch, at the school-house turn sharply to the left towards the mountains. From here one cannot miss the road, as it leads directly up the canon. Part of the road has been much injured by fire, part cut away, but for a mile perhaps, before reaching the cold sulphur springs it is very fine. These springs have been known for years by the Indians, and have the peculiar quality of changing their nature, one day being sulphur, the next black as ink with iron. This is the shortest trail to the head of the Santa Ynez Valley.

THE ARROYO BURRO TRAIL is reached through the San Roque Canon, by turning to the left at the extreme end of the carriage-drive, where it drops down and cross-

es the creek. This is a very old Indian trail, and is still used to reach the Santa Ynez River (which is stocked with trout) and the quicksilver mines. This trail is in very bad condition.

Farther on the Goleta road, and far back past the Lewis House, then to the left, is the Lewis Canon, also called Cat Cañon, or Gatos Canon, one of the most rugged and beautiful mountain gorges along the range. Three miles from its mouth, after passing several fine cataracts and a succession of falls, the canon is walled in by perpendicular cliffs, covered with Indian paintings. High up on one of these walls is a cave which bears marks of prehistoric use. To reach this cave is a really difficult feat, accomplished by few men, and, so far as known, by but one woman. One must approach it by an old trail leading over the ridge, or by proceeding up the canon bed in summer, the last stage of the journey on foot, and with ropes for the ugly places.

Beyond the old San Marcos trail is the trail used by Fremont in 1846, when he with his small force took the Mexicans by surprise, by appearing on this side of the mountains without warning. The trail may be seen about half a mile from the foot of the stage road on the Santa Ynez side, and near the bee-ranch, rising abruptly to the right. It can be followed some distance, but is too much overgrown to be used; indeed, all traces of it are lost on this side of the range.

There is another good road over the

Santa Ynez range, and that is west up the coast thirty miles. This is the Refugio Road, and is used often by those starting from the town of Santa Ynez and wishing to go by the most direct route. This road leads down through the Tajequas Ranch, thence strikes into the Gaviota road, which leads along the coast directly into town.

THE GAVIOTA PASS is a low pass at the western end of the Santa Ynez range, where the mountains, after rearing their bold fronts to the north to shield the happy valley of Santa Barbara, finally sink into the sea. This pass is reached by the Gaviota stage-road, which follows the coast instead of crossing the mountains. A delightful excursion of a few days is through the pass to the hot sulphur springs at Las Cruces, thence to Nojoqui Falls, and on to the town of Los Olivas or Santa Ynez, or farther still, to Zaca Lake, and home by San Marcos Pass.

THE RIDGE TRAIL runs along the summit of the Santa Ynez range, now on one side, then on the other, and sometimes on the very backbone of the range from the county line between this county and Ventura Co., to Las Cruces, near Gaviota; the extreme points being about sixty miles and the length of the trail itself between eighty and ninety miles. It is connected at intervals by side trails with the coast valleys on the south, and the Santa Ynez river and country beyond on the north. It may be reached at its eastern end by trail from Shepard's Inn at the Casitas, which, by the

way, is a very pleasant place to spend a day driving down from Santa Barbara and taking lunch at the Inn, and investigating the canon above the Inn, and returning in the afternoon. Turning west when the summit is reached, one may, before traveling far, descend to the headwaters of the Santa Ynez by one of the reserve patrol trails. The next cross-trail is the Montecito or Romero trail which crosses the Ridge trail at the head of the Romero canon and leads down on the north to the Blue Canon and Santa Ynez. Back of Montecito the New Cold Stream Trail crosses the ridge trail and about a half mile farther the Old Cold Stream trail is also met. Directly back of Santa Barbara the Las Canoas or La Cumbre trail joins the Ridge trail. This is the trail generally used when the object is simply to reach the summit of the range, and is first class in every respect. It is a good plan in using this trail to ascend by the Las Canoas trail and descend by the Chamber of Commerce trail. It may be explained that the Las Canoas trail proper runs up the Las Canoas Canon and joins the Chamber of Commerce trail among the rocky crags about half way to La Cumbre, from which point the trail is the same. The Canon trail is shorter and cooler than the other but is also a little rougher and steeper and has not the extensive view to the south.

West of La Cumbre the next cross trail is the San Roque or Arroyo Burro trail. This is an old Indian trail and is in very bad condition although passable with mountain horses. After crossing the San Roque trail the traveler comes next to a

wagon road leading down past the Painted Cave to the San Marcos Road on the south, and to the north to a trail that runs to the Santa Ynez river at the old Los Prietos Ranch House. This trail is the one in general use by parties going to the Little Pine Mountain, Santa Cruz Canon, or the Mission Pines. The Ridge trail is here compelled to leave the summit of the mountain and one goes down this road to a point just short of Mr. Homer Snyders mountain home, Laurel Springs, where the Laurel Spring trail to the right takes one to the San Marcos Road in about a mile. The view from the Laurel Spring trail is particularly fine. On reaching the San Marcos Road turn to the right and after passing the school house take the first road to the left and after that follow the ridge to the west. This road may be traveled with a strong team and wagon for several miles then narrows to a sled road and later to a trail again. Several hours riding brings one to the Cat Canon Trail leading to the coast and a few miles farther on the Refugio Pines are reached. This is an ideal camping place with good water.

About four miles farther west is the Refugio Pass through which runs a good County road leading to the wheat fields of Santa Ynez and Los Olivos on the north and on the south down the Refugio Canon and the Taijequas to the coast west of El Capitan.

Beyond the Refugio the trail continues

nearly to Las Cruces and there are trails used by the Rangers leading out to Gaviota.

The views all along this Ridge trail are simply magnificent and not to be described in words. While few will care to ride the whole length of the trail, no better way to put in a day can be found than to go up the La Canoas trail then east along the ridge and back by either the old or the new Cold Stream Trail.



COST OF LIVING IN SANTA BARBARA

PEOPLE can live cheaply even in Santa Barbara, if they are willing to live in a simple style. In fact few people here live in any other way, and the old inhabitants see with regret any innovations made or city customs introduced which tend toward display. Still, in the winter months it must be confessed that rents and service are high, a comfortably furnished house renting from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars a month, and generally for a term of six months. Good cooks (Chinese) demand thirty to fifty dollars a month, although women-servants can be had for twenty to forty dollars a month. Fuel sells at from eight to ten dollars a cord; but not much fuel is needed, houses being heated by open fireplaces and stoves. Meats are cheaper but groceries a little higher than in the East, while vegetables are cheap and delicious. To sum it up in a

few words, the necessities of life are cheaper, but the luxuries are dearer, than elsewhere.

The prices of board at the hotels range from two and a half to six dollars a day; at good boarding-houses from nine to eighteen dollars a week,—although during the summer these prices are somewhat reduced, and the rent of houses is very much lower.

The keep of a horse is not high. Fifteen dollars a month will board it at any stable, and much less if cared for at home. One can hire a phaeton and horse for forty dollars and upward by the month. The cost for carriage and horse for half a day is \$1.50; and one can hire two horses and a driver for three and a half or four dollars according to the season. In an all day trip to the ranches or over the passes the expenses may be divided between a party of seven or eight, as the high mountain wagons will hold that number exclusive of the driver, and are much more comfortable for long drives than the lighter lower carriages.

THE FLORA OF THE COUNTRY

TO this land of flowers many come who, familiar with the wild flowers of their own part of the country, seek in vain for information concerning the myriads they

see about them, almost all varieties differing from those in the East.

It adds to the pleasure of a botanist to dissect and classify; but to those who know nothing of the science a botanical name carries no meaning with it, and they, impatient of the strange sounds and demanding common names, are often told there are none. This is a mistake, as over two hundred have been found in researches made for the Folk Lore Society of Cambridge. Some of these names are very descriptive and appropriate, and give one an idea of the flower which a botanical name would never suggest.

The collections of pressed flowers at the Natural History Rooms are allways open for inspection, where also the curator cheerfully gives assistance and information.

The variety of flowers for the year depends in a great degree upon the annual rainfall. If it comes late, whole sets of flowers will fail to appear; and a small rainfall makes a vast difference in the quantity. Strangers wonder at the change that three days of rain produces in the face of nature. No such instantaneous change is ever seen in the more temperate zone. Delicate fringes of green spring up along the roadside and quickly spread through field and hill. The flowers seem to spring up in a night, and from the time of the first buttercup and delicate wild radish to the end of May, new species are continually appearing; and there are varieties that bloom every month in the year. Flowers that bloom in the valley are not often found on the hills and mountains;

and it is interesting to notice how the species change as one passes from the sea-coast to the summit of the hills.

The following list contains about fifty common and botanical names of flowers most abundant in this region and most easily recognized, with a word or two to help identify them:

YELLOW

Yellow Violet. Only native violet. Hope Ranch
Eschscholtzia Calif. (California Poppy). Short season; found everywhere.

Amsinckia spectabilis. Flowers opening at the end of a branch like a frond.

Monkey flower (*Mimulus glutinosus*). Shrub; blooms all the year; orange color.

Buttercup (*Ranunculus*). Petals ten to fourteen.

Bur Clover (*Medicago denticulata*). Forage plant

Dodder (*Cuscuta*), Yellowthread. Vegetable parasite growing on mountain sides.

Wild Tansy, or Yarrow (*Achilleæfolia*) Tall and rank; white or yellow flowers; growing along roads or slopes.

Golden-rod (*Solidago*).

Encelia Calif. Large yellow flowers on sticky stem.

Mustard.

Tidy Tips. Like daisy, with petals tipped with white; quite large.

Wild Sunflower (*Venegasia*) A low bush; smallish flowers.

Tarweed.

Primrose [*Oenothera biennis*]. Grows in the sand

Tree Poppy. High bush; light yellow flowers, almost as large as the California poppy.

PINK OR PURPLISH.

Wild Pink [*Silene laciniata*]. Sparingly leaved and sticky.

Wild Onion [*Brodiaea capitata*]. Bunch on end of smooth stem; beautiful lavender color; common on hillsides.

Gilia achilleaefolia. Many varieties; low bushes; four petals. sage smell.

Alfileria. [*Erodium moschatum*]. Flowers like very small sweet geranium; forms the hay of the country.

Shooting Star [*Dodecatheon Meadia*]. Flowers look like cyclamon; pink petals; dark stamens.

Pentstemon centranthifolius. The leaves thick along the stem; powdery, very slender flowers; tubular; bright, showy red.

Painter's Brush [*Orthocarpus*]. Two varieties --reddish purple and scarlet; flowers in dense bunches at end of stem.

Clarkia elegans. Tall, smooth plant; petals having long claws.

Wild Radish (*Raphanus satiria*). Four petals; grows by roadside.

Wild Peony (*Pæonia Brownii*). Grows on hillsides, early after rains.

Sea Verbena. Grows in the sand.

Wild Gooseberry (*Ribes speciosum*). Short shining leaves, flowers like fuchias; red; large bushes on Mesa and hills.

Pimpernel (*Anagallis arvensis*). Minute flowers, yellowish red; a weed growing close to the ground; called "Poor Man's Weather-glass," and is said to close before rain.

Godetia. Broad, wedge-shaped, purplish flowers; two varieties.

BLUE

Baby Blue-Eyes (*Nemophila insignis*).

Larkspur (*Delphinium*). Two varieties; scarlet on the summit of the mountains.

Fascelia. Opening like fern frond.

Verbena prostrata. Grows tall, branched and sprawling, looking like caterpillars.

Lupine (*Lupinus narius* and *Charnissonis*). Pea family; grows on heights and beach.

Flax (*Linum perenne*). Hope Ranch.

Blue-Eyed Grass (*Sisyrinchium Bermudianum*).
Lobelia (*Palmarilla debilis*). The flowers grow in clusters along the stem.

WHITE

Cream Cup (*Platystamen Calif.*). Slender, hairy stem; six to eight inches in height.

Wild Lilac (*Ceanothus*). Shrub, forming large part of chaparral; small spikes of flowers.

Chemisal (*Adenostoma*). Chaparral; leaves small and pointed; thickly set flowers; small bunches at end of branch.

Salvia Carduacea. Leafless stem; flowers in dense whorls at top of stem; petals lavender and white; stamens flame-colored.

White Forget-Me-Not.

Wild Heliotrope (*Heliotropium curassavicum*). Grows in damp places or on beach; rank.

Clematis (*lasiantha* and *liqueticifolia*-Var. *Calif.*). Vine, with flowers like milkweed.

Styrax. Shrub, four to eight feet high; most beautiful; found on San Marcos Pass and Arroyo Burro Trail.

Mariposa Lily. Several varieties; purple to white; pendent snowy lily bell. Found on Casitas Pass. Yellow variety very rare and beautiful.

Wild Cucumber Vine (*Megarrhiza Catif.*)

Erigeron Philadelphicum. Flowers like white puff-balls; found on Modoc Road.

Immortelle (*Anaphalium decurrens convolvulus*).

The maidenhair fern grows wild on the Mesa and in most of the cañons, as does the golden-back fern. The lace fern and the wire or coffee fern are less common, while the silver-back is very rare. The Polypodium has the seed-vessels on the back of its leaves, and is found everywhere.



CITY of SANTA BARBARA
(California)





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